

"Little Old New York"

Drawn Especially For This Page
By Nell Brinkley

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This charming picture shows Miss Marion Davies in three characterful poses and costumes in "Little Old New York," the photoplay which is the opening attraction at the new Cosmopolitan Theatre, on Columbus Circle, in New York City, and which will soon be shown all over the country. A most interesting story has been

woven round little "Patricia O'Day" who leaves her beloved Ireland and comes to America to seek her fortune. She disguises herself as a boy, and many are the hardships and the exciting adventures as well which befall her between her arrival in New York and the happy moment when she can reveal herself as the real and radiant "Patricia"

instead of the mischievous "Pat" she was supposed to be. The part of "Pat" is, perhaps, Miss Davies's greatest triumph. The painting of her by Nell Brinkley, the distinguished delineator of feminine beauty, is published by permission of the Cosmopolitan Productions, producers of this exquisite film.

Captured by the Wild Savages of the Amazon

Remarkable Adventures of an English Explorer

Who Is the First Scientist to Study the Strange Customs of Those Hitherto Unknown Human Head Hunters



The Handsomest Man in the Tribe, Showing His Ear and Lower Lip Adornments.

A Canoe Load of Native Women of the Upper Amazon Wilderness—These Are Real Amazons.

THE business of exploring the uncharted regions of the headwaters of the Amazon River is no profession that few white men ever break the forest trail and come out alive.

This makes all the more remarkable the achievements of G. M. Dyott of the Royal Geographical Society, who recently returned to London after perilous adventures as a captive of the savage Aguaruna tribe of human head hunters.

He was the first white man the savages ever saw and was raised to the dignity of chief medicine man, because his pills drove away the "evil spirits" from their sick. Fortunately, his medicine failed until he could make his escape, otherwise he would probably have been turned out by his captives to perish.

Tribal life, he discovered, centered around the possession of women; there were few girl babies and too many boy babies, many of whom were killed at birth, all the rest committed suicide or were conveniently helped over the trail to the Great Beyond; and the conquered nation's head was hacked from its shoulders and mummified. But the savages never committed theft and did not know the meaning of treachery, where a friend was concerned.

Dr. Dyott undertook his journey into the heart of the Amazon for the Peruvian Government. His object was to find out if it were possible to open up this vast country to trade by means of aeroplanes.

Something of a premonition of this had reached the savage heart, so Dr. Dyott found. They have embalmed it in a remarkable saying: "When the white man comes with wings, then is the end of our people."

Dyott has set down his experiences in "Silent Highways of the Jungle," published by Putnam.

He was not long in learning that women were the cause for the constant thinning of the tribes. There are not, as he has seen, enough women to go around, although some of the leading tribesmen have more than their share. As a consequence, a young savage is frequently compelled to steal a wife and war between families is the result.

In the eyes of these savages, women are raised to an exalted state. They are never killed by friends or by enemies under any circumstances. They do much of the foraging for yuca, a sort of wild berry, and bananas, which were the chief foods of the savages, and also occupy themselves with odd jobs, such as preparing "manioc," an intoxicating beverage kept on hand for consumption at odd moments. The rest of their time is spent in gossiping with neighbors, or in dancing, in which, like their civilized sisters, there was more unfeeling than dressing up for the ball.

Wife snatchers go for girls and so many boy babies here Dr. Dyott does not attempt to explain.

The home life of the savages was remarkable; they seemed to live and fight for one another. The men were jealous of their wives and loved their children so much that they did not care to be separated from them even when it came to a fight, preferring even to take them along on arduous journeys.

It was the loss for family that finally won Dyott's freedom. He complained that his heart was aching to see his own wives and children, which, by the way, he did not possess. And the savages, touched by his appeal, finally sent him on his journey, when they would not yield to any other argument.

Dyott's adventures with the head-hunters, as they eventually turned out, were far more eventful to them than his experiences with some of the guides and trailbreakers hired to help him on his journey. After a perilous ascent of the Amazon from Iquitos, he had established a settlement in Brazil, he was callously abandoned by his servants in the woods.

After their treachery, he writes: "When the silence of the forest had closed down, I felt absolutely bewildered and stunned by the loneliness which swept over me. What was I to do? A difficult question to answer, seeing that no fool had been left behind. With a penknife, and a small automatic, carrying six rounds of ammunition, the prospects of securing any were zero.

"I piled all my belongings neatly under

a shelter, and covered them with large leaves to keep them dry.

"Twenty-two hours ago I was hurrying with all speed, now I was making my way back again, rather than walk around numerous obstacles and so lose my bearings. I scrambled through the over-then, tearing my clothes and cutting my flesh on the innumerable spines protruding from almost every tree and plant.

"I became absolutely terrified of touching anything for fear of incurring further wounds. A branch likely as not would contain thousands of ants, and they bit and stung like creeping fire. Finally I lost my automatic.

"The first days my desire for food was absolutely painful, then as my insides collapsed, a drowsy feeling stole over me that was not disagreeable. Only once had I occasion to be really terrified. It was at night when a large jaguar walked over my prostrate form, sniffed about and sat down nearby.

"Nine days had passed since I was abandoned in the forest. I had found nothing to eat, and it began to look as if this was to be my last resting place. Gazing at the river had become a mechanical habit, and my thoughts were filled with the pleasant events of long ago.

"Suddenly I was startled by a defiant shout from behind, and swinging around I saw a party of savages daring me to come on and fight. To have advanced would have been just as bad, so like a rabbit, I refused to run, pointing alternately to my stomach and my mouth, then hung my head dejectedly, to show that I was tired and hungry. The Indians stopped their balladings, and after consulting one of their cronies forward and held out a roasted banana. I took the proffered fruit and ate it. A kind, pocket banister, chief in return. This established the fact that I was a good fellow, and the rest of the band gathered around me without fear.

The savages then took Dr. Dyott captive. He was established in the household of one Cashipo, who lunched him into Aguaruna society.

After his initiation into the tribe of headhunters, the explorer learned that he would be a member. In following their customs in every way. He slept every night on the floor in a small hut with forty-eight other savages. He ate his food from the ends of his fingers and when a particularly choice morsel was passed around from one mouth to another in turn to be sucked. Dr. Dyott sucked it too. He kept his body clean by sand and water baths, inked in grime and waxed his arms and gesticulated like a lunatic in a vocabulary sign language to convey his ideas to aboriginal intellects.

Dyott soon learned to fear and respect the women, who are jealously guarded by these strange savages as their greatest possessions. In dealing with them he makes it plain that he had to use extreme caution, as a mere smile would be enough to startle a public. Invariably, when spotted on the floor at their nightly pow-wow, he made it a point to get in some words of greeting and being so content with their eyes. They were small of stature, usually well formed, had very light brown skin with masses of long black hair hanging from their shoulders.

The Aguarunas, common with the other tribes of the Amazon, are skillful trailbreakers. Dr. Dyott learned from them the secret of shrinking heads, until now a mystery to science. In time of battle they cut off the heads of their enemies and taking them back to camp, make an incision in the back part of the scalp, reach the skull and the bones are shaved over the embers of a fire. They fill the skin with hot pebbles and certain herbs and after performing his process several times, allow the head to cool. Features are preserved intact although the whole head shrinks to about the size of an orange.

After this weird preserving process is completed the lips are sewn together to prevent the victim restoring when his conqueror starts to swear at him. This he does by placing the head directly in front of him and heaping upon it every possible curse he can think of, secure in the belief that the spirit of the departed cannot curse him back since he has taken the trouble to sew the lips together. The conqueror is then sure that the dead man can do him no harm, for after the evening there still is his head shriveled, his lips still silent, and the spirit unable to break the cords.

A Very Proud Head Hunter. This Brute Has Just Killed 4 Enemies and Is on His Way to His Hut to Embalm the Heads.

A long braided rope is then woven from the top of the head by which it dangles from the waist of the victorious warrior. Dr. Dyott had not been long with the tribe when his ability as a medicine man was put to test. He drove out with his pills an "evil spirit" which had put pain into the head of one of his host's relatives and he washed out the wounds of many of the Indians with permanganate of potash and soon they began to heal.

So long as it was possible to work his "miracles" he knew that he could stay with the Indians indefinitely. But as soon as his medicine ran out he realized that he would still have to die or die young or forage for bananas like the other savages.

"Attrition," he writes, "has no place in the lives of the men who dwell in the jungle. When man or woman cease to be self-supporting or become incapable of carrying on their respective duties, death follows as a natural consequence. Not only do the strong fail to support the weak, but in many cases they go so far as to hasten their departure into the next world with the use of a little blowgun, as they use on their blow-gun darts, or other connections which they are expert in preparing.

Some conception of their idea of beauty may be had by the practice the women have of piercing the lobe of the ear with spoons of wood and wearing them in place of earrings. They also have a custom of boring a hole in the ear and greatly enlarging it until it contains a large block of wood, and piercing the lower lip and stuffing it with a round block of wood is also a mark of beauty.

The British explorer entered the country from the Pacific side, travelling over the Andes and by way of the Marañon River. He also has a custom situated in Brazil about 2,500 miles from the coast. Hence he travelled to Amazon and back over the Andes again, coming out on the Pacific side.

Full Length Photograph of One of the Amazon Savages With His Blow Guns and Poisoned Darts.

One of the Strange Mummified Heads Which the Savages Embalm Carefully and Prize Highly.

Why Mrs. Vonsiatzky's Marriage May Not Make Her a Wife

Interesting Decision of the New York Court That the Pathetic Little Russian Girl's Own Letters Bar Her Claim to Alimony from Rich Mrs. Ream Stephens's Young "Husband in Overalls"



Rich Mrs. Ream-Stephens-Vonsiatzky, Who Married the Man That Mrs. Vonsiatzky Says Is Still Her Husband.

THE efforts of pretty little Madame Linhoff Vonsiatzky, of Russia, to prove that she is really the wife of Anastase Vonsiatzky, now the husband of the former Mrs. Marion B. Ream Stephens, have taken a new and surprising twist.

Mrs. Stephens, as most people know, was originally Marion B. Ream, daughter of the noted multimillionaire, Norman B. Ream, and shared with her brother the paternal fortune, estimated at \$50,000,000. She divorced her first husband, Edmund Stephens.

It is claimed that Madame Linhoff Vonsiatzky was married in Yalta, Russia, on January 31, 1920, to Anastase Vonsiatzky, a handsome and fascinating young Russian officer, but a recent opinion of Justice Bijur, in the New York Supreme Court, has raised a doubt whether that marriage gives her the rights of a wife.

Young Vonsiatzky was an officer in the army of General Denikin, which attempted to stem the flood of Bolshevism that was overwhelming Russia. Just as the Bolsheviks were advancing for the last struggle with Denikin, young Vonsiatzky married pretty seventeen-year-old Linhoff Mouroumky, daughter of a wealthy Russian capitalist refugee, in Yalta Cathedral, in southern Russia. She nursed him when he was wounded.

He says he married her merely to save her from impending riots and possible death and that it was not a real marriage. She says he would her as the daughter of a wealthy capitalist and show his ardent love letters to support her case.

The case is further complicated by the fact that Linhoff's father was a Jew by birth. A Jew could not be legally married in a Russian church. It is alleged that Mr. Mouroumky reverted to his Jewish faith during the revolution and that therefore his daughter's marriage in church was not legal. But she asserts that as a minor she could not lose any legal rights.

On the collapse of Denikin's army Vonsiatzky fled to Paris, where, after various adventures, he met and interested Mrs. Stephens as well as other American women. Linhoff and her family came after him to Paris and there, she says, he treated her as his wife in every sense and lived with her a short time.

Mrs. Stephens, it is understood, had married the young man, and she believed there was a great career for him in America. He followed her to America and worked for nearly a year in the Baldwin Locomotive Works, near Philadelphia, in which her father had owned an interest. During that time he secured from the Russian Church in New York an annulment of his marriage to Linhoff Mouroumky, at Yalta. Then he was married to rich Mrs. Stephens, and they went to live in her home at Ritz Park, Pa. She was about forty-seven and he was twenty-three.

From Paris came a threat that Mrs. Linhoff Vonsiatzky would sue Mrs. Stephens for \$500,000 for taking her husband. Early this Spring the Russian girl came to New York with immense efforts at securing it. It was just because, she said, she thought she started a suit for divorce against Vonsiatzky. The latest she when her counsel applied for \$50 a week al-



Anastase Vonsiatzky, the Engaging Young Russian Who Is So Successful in Arousing the Sympathies of Women, but Who Says That His Marriage to the First Mrs. Vonsiatzky Didn't Mean Anything and Wasn't Binding.

mony and \$1,000 counsel fees. Justice Bijur, in denying the motion, said: "Letters of plaintiff to defendant and to his present wife apparently constitute a bar to the prosecution of this action, and are wholly unexplained in the plaintiff's moving papers."

It is alleged that in one of the letters to Vonsiatzky the Russian girl said: "I consider you not as a husband, but merely as a friend."

The Judge's decision complicates this remarkable case very greatly. He does not say that Mrs. Vonsiatzky cannot sue for divorce, but that she has not a good claim for alimony. She has said that any letters of hers to Vonsiatzky, which seem to say she did not consider him as a real husband were written in a jesting, sarcastic spirit.

At the same time a new revelation concerning the sentimental career of Anastase Vonsiatzky comes from Paris. One of the most famous French actresses, Mile. Germaine Charley, the star of the most daring Parisian comedy, "Ta Bouche," is said to have first befriended the young man when he came as a hunted refugee to Paris.

It was Germaine Charley, who, feeling a great sympathy for this unfortunate young man, put him in her feet and made it possible for him to present an assurance which enabled him later to interest the millionaire American woman, Mrs. Stephens. When Vonsiatzky arrived in Paris he was, said right. Without money, except paper roubles, fearing the police, for he was without papers of identity, he had the look of a hunted dog. He roamed the streets hunting something to do to keep body and soul together. But his chance was slim, for he had no knowledge of French and very few, if any, people had employment for a man who only spoke Russian.

It was while Vonsiatzky was roaming the streets that he met Germaine Charley, who was destined to be his fairy godmother. As Mile. Charley was leaving the theatre, he followed her and, as an actress, but to keep an establishment which catered to feminine tastes in headgear as well, her attention was attracted by his handsome but pitiful appearance. He had in his hand a bunch of paper, and, finally, he made Germaine Charley understand that he wanted her to buy his Russian roubles. There was something

Mile. Germaine Charley, the Noted French Actress, Who Befriended Vonsiatzky in Paris, and Who May Be Called as a Witness as to the Status of the First Mrs. Vonsiatzky as a Wife.



so appealing in this man of misery that she tried to know more of his story.

Vonsiatzky told Germaine Charley, through an interpreter, that he had done his military service against the Bolsheviks and had now come to Paris to make a living. He spoke of his family in Constantinople, but never mentioned that he was married and had a beautiful young girl patiently waiting for his success, so that she might come and join him.

Vonsiatzky's appeal and desperate look found a sympathetic spot in the charming actress's heart. She took him to a restaurant and provided a hearty meal for the poor, starved refugee. Then she found a little room in a hotel in the Ecole quartier for her protégé, and what was more important, she promised she would find work for him.

Through friends she had Vonsiatzky engaged as a scene-shifter in a little theatre of Montmartre, "The Percheur." Here he worked for ten francs a day. At the little theatre, when he was not pushing scenery about, he would try to act the actors' wigs and make himself up as different characters. His most successful impersonation was that of a Russian Bolshevik. He became quite popular with the artists, which was unusual for a man in his position.

As he gained in proficiency in French it afforded him a better opportunity to express his gratitude to his caring benefactress. When through work Vonsiatzky would doff his workman's garb and, smartly dressed, was often seen in restaurants with his benefactress. Their friends looked upon the friendship of the two as a romantic affair and expected at any time to hear the announcement of their approaching marriage.

Vonsiatzky spoke of little of his love to Mile. Charley. He spoke of his family and his desire to bring them to Paris, but never mentioned having a wife. Mile. Charley became so much interested in the youth and his family that it is said she



Another Portrait of Poor Little Mrs. Vonsiatzky, Thinking, No Doubt, of the Ardent Letters of Mr. Vonsiatzky, in Which He Told Her That "Would Be Constant in His Love and Was Doing to Hold Her Beautiful Little Head."

prohibited him with funds to bring his family to Paris, never dreaming for a moment that she was bringing his life to him.

The family arrived, including Mouroumky and Madame Mouroumky, their daughter, Linhoff, the wife of Vonsiatzky, and their other daughter, Frida, and brother, Alexander. Vonsiatzky received them with much joy and later on told his wife of the kindness of the French woman and urged her to meet her. The afternoon Vonsiatzky and his wife were in the camp of Mile. Charley and Linhoff was present to her husband's greeting and she, the Frenchwoman, understood that the Russian girl was Vonsiatzky's enemy.

The romance of Mile. Charley and Vonsiatzky continued in a pleasant fashion some time after this, when, suddenly, out of a clear sky, after having spent an enjoyable evening together, she received a letter of "thank you and goodbye." The letter read as follows, written upon the stationery of the Hotel Lavoisier, Paris: "CHARMING BENEFACTRESS: "My trouble is that I am unable to express the feeling of gratitude and respect for you which my heart contains in my own language. You, not only by your generosity and goodness, but by certain personal qualifications, have attracted to you quite a strange man. Your sisterly kindness has touched the best sentiments of my heart.

"But I am an utter stranger to you. You have never known me before and you have only seen me in this horrible miserable plight in which I have been. How much do I feel humiliated in your eyes, this, too, when you have received me in your home and have warmed my heart with your caresses. You are good; you are a saint. In you I realize that there are still good people on this earth who that charity and friendship still exist.

"You will remain as the cherished souvenir of my life.

"I kiss your hand. Your devoted, "ANASTASE VONSIAZKY."

Madame Linhoff Vonsiatzky has asserted that "husband" treated her as his real wife during their stay in Paris, and continued to represent himself as her true husband after his departure for America. In support of this she has shown a large number of letters from him, written in the most passionately loving terms, telling her he was always faithful to her and looking forward to the time when they could live together again. Here is an example of one of these letters: "CAROLYN HALL, Thompson, Conn.

August 20, 1921.

My Dear, Inestimable Child, Linhoff: I tell you I have no news of you, and I do not know what has become of you. How are you getting along? Have you given up? Have you received all of my letters and the money? I am far away from you, but I am sure to see you in a few more months. At the end of September I will commence work at New York, but before I come to Canada, I am an English uniform, which I cannot get in America. And for the afternoon in hand—a great affair—it is indispensable.

When will I have news of my Linhoff? I am unhappy away from you, for three days I have been miserable and in my grief I have wanted to cry. How do you pass the time, my little swallow, with the blue eyes? How do you pass your days. Do you go out in the evening? He good, I beseech you! Take care of your health! Write me frankly, perhaps the money I have sent you is not sufficient. Tell me, my little pigeon, in I will do everything in my power. Write me. Always know and believe that I love you, my inestimable, dear child. I do not forget for an instant your happiness in the future. I am surely now on my way to attain what I want!

I have yet many difficulties, which take all the moral force which I possess. But I must conquer them, and I will arrive at my goal at last. And, understood, my precious, good little girl, that I am as faithful in my love for you as I am determined in my decisions. Perhaps you do not believe me. Perhaps you do not want to believe, or perhaps, for certain reasons, you will not believe that I am the Alice of the old times, Nestor of the old time, who loves his Linhoff. Why are you hiding something?

Perhaps the environment had had a superficial effect upon me, but in my soul, I am the same as I was at Yalta, at Yalta, that Yalta where I met you and loved you. It has cost me an unbelievable effort to place myself on the road where I am—to leave you in France and go away, alone, to this far-off America. If I find the force to conquer, I will also have it to keep the path which I have decided upon. I want you to believe something, and that is that I love you and will come back to you. Wait for me. I tell you, and I pray you, my dear, beloved little head.

I must finish my letter, for they will soon be asking for me in the salon. We must drink cocktails and go to dinner. This was all interesting the first days, but now it is sad. I kiss you, my darling loved one, my inestimable Linhoff. I kiss you strongly, strongly, strongly. Your loving you, ANASTASE. Certainly that does not sound like a letter from a man who had merely come through a mock marriage. Is it possible that the American courts can hold the Russian marriage illegal?

The Pensive Face of the First Mrs. Vonsiatzky, Whose Perplexities in Getting Back Her Own Husband from Rich Mrs. Ream-Stephens Have Been So Increased by the Judge's Denial of Her Alimony.

Her Own Husband from Rich Mrs. Ream-Stephens Have Been So Increased by the Judge's Denial of Her Alimony.

Love-I

THE MARRIED MAN AND THE SWING.
The Debutante's First Love Affair. She Was Only 16 and Already She Had a Situation and a Problem on Her Hands.

take it! ...
drammy-eye
he plays to
the man wi
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[illegible]

THE MAN WHO WENT BACK TO THE PRIMITIVE.

And the Debutante in Such Cases, Says Miss Malcosky, Must Go Back to the Primitive Too and Fight as the Cave Women Did Ages Ago.

That is, of course, if what Miss Malouf has written is stark truth, as she says it is. Although so young, she served in France, and she is a professional writer of the dashing soldier type with his toast of, "Here's to life—let's create it!" and "Love, Love, Love!" and the rest of it. She is a mystic and the "cine" runs in his veins to him; she looks back to the primitive to win the girl by the "eternal chival phrase" she trades every night; of the modern woman and one and all with the

[illegible]

This Type, Says Miss Malcoskey, Begins His Game With Some Such Remark as: "So you have come to me at last!" And Then Goes on to Intimate That in a Previous Existence They Have Been Ardent Sweethearts.

[illegible]

Due of the Hardest to Escape, According to the Debutante Who Had to Threaten to Throw Herself Out of the Window Before She Could Get Away from Him—

"I had broken a man's heart, and I, a girl of sixteen, had already begun to recognize my power over men."

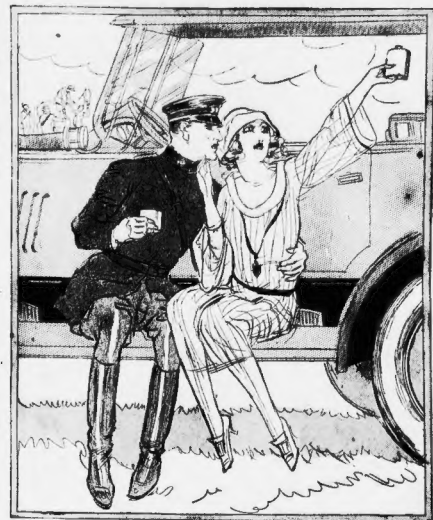
Miss Malenkova tells very early in the book of the time when Peggy Saw first learned of the ultimate, wild terror of love.

"Shall I come to love so completely," she asks, just before the wild episode, "that I shall grasp happiness without thought of the consequences? Over here I have seen men take love where they found it—I have seen girls give when asked, ecstatic marriages on impulse, when there was no love; or men love without marriage."

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Feminine Debutante

Aristocratic Virginia Family) Young Girls' Courtship and Dangers from Designing and



THE RECKLESS ARMY TYPE WITH A HIP

They Toast, Says Miss Malcokey, Is "Here's to Love—Take It—And—the Rest!"

(Continued from Preceding Page)

my scattered wits. And then, finally, I found my voice.

"Please take me home," I pleaded.

"And then the whole terrible story came out."

The debutante goes on to explain how Craig had married a girl out of a factory, because he was sorry for her. They had separated, but his wife refused to get a divorce. So he could not marry if he wished.

"Why didn't you tell me this before?" asked the debutante.

"I don't know, except that I wanted you. I must have you. I've got to have you."

"Don't. Even though I cared desperately about you, things would remain the same. But Love—I'm afraid that hasn't come yet."

"Are you sure of that?" asked Craig. "I'm not. If you care, I've learned happiness has the greater right."

"And then he turned away. My house of cards has tumbled down. Another idol has feet of clay. I feel scared now, unless, contaminated by his touch, and as I write I hope in granting forgiveness that time will dim the memory of it and lessen the sting."

So ended the first furious encounter of the debutante with the intimate, emotional life which Miss Malcokey insists is part of the programme of every girl in good society today. When the debutante returned home to the minor diversions of the country club she found her taste for life had passed that of other girls her own age. Still smoking and drinking by very young girls had become common in the country. The debutante goes on, with a description of the free and easy company at the races:

"I joined the crowd about the motor just in time to hear one of the girls say, as she drank from a pocket flask which was going the rounds, 'Here's to Love—Take It—And—the Rest!' Somebody offered us a taste, others warned us it was 'rotten stuff' and 'perfectly vile.'"

She was relieved to get away from the devil-may-care crowd. Needless and thoughtless, regardless of to-morrow, they seem to have no care except to live as fast and as hard as they can today.

Then came a trip with New and a meeting with Ashton—the next experience in the debutante's "love life." Ashton was the cynical bachelor who firmly announced that there were no "good" girls left in our best society.



Miss Malcokey, Whose Curiously Frank Book Has Aroused Such Interest in Fashionable Circles, and Her Equally Attractive Sister Standing Beside Her.

They finally did steal away and thus, rather unconventionally, began "a period of intense love making such as I had never known," as the debutante frankly explains. Ashton conducted the young lady to Greenwich Village, where she drinks "pallid tea"; to a French place, where they get white wine and lobster; he even takes her to church, explaining that he "got her because he prayed for her."

Ashton is a bit of a mystic, a follower of more or less hard-to-understand cults. Finally he announces that he is going to have her, whether she wills or not.

In fact, things with this lover were always in unrest, till they came to the pass where he announced to his lady, "Heaven, how I hate you!"

It was on this occasion that he set forth his ideas of the modern girl of gentle family.

"And what are you of the young play around with worth?" he asked. "You girls don't want anything worth while any more. All you want is one of the young ineffectuals who are waiting around to dance with you and have a cup of tea, and then take you off to some dark corner to kiss you."

"You flappers and prom girls and debutantes have revolted against everything. Your defenders say you have the saving grace of throwing hypocrisy to the winds, but that is where you are damned clever. They're too slow to find you. What have your fans become? You slip away and go to some man's room."

"My temper mounted higher and higher," explains the debutante. "I got my gloves and prepared to go. Of us it is being said that the universe has no malice; life no secrets, religion no reverence, and no illusions. That we know everything—everything that darkness and destiny, nothing that slaves. I think that perhaps the girls are giving what the men demand of them today, as they did yesterday."

"Yesterday modesty swept the floor with her skirts, and no one knew what took place in the gray hours of dawn behind the curtain bed. And then more terrible were the consequences—a meeting under the oaks—and a life had paid for modesty. Now we lift our skirts, our bodies are uncurtained, and under the oaks we sip our cocktails."

"Sordid, unclean, terrible, the atmosphere of the whole world seems tainted, poisoned with sex. Across my brow comes a flicker of worry—into my heart come forebodings and fears. I am afraid."

The episode with Ashton ended at last, and that of the bishop came next, or nearly so. The bishop was gray-haired, a widower, but emotionally still ambitious. He and the debutante used to go walking through the romantic Southern countryside, and the bishop used to read to his

young friend. Finally their friendship passed beyond the conventional.

"Do you enjoy being with me?" the bishop asked the debutante.

"If only this friendship could have continued," the debutante goes on. "But the serpent brought love into the garden, Eve partook, and there came into being Sin. Into our garden the bishop's and here came love, unthought, unbidden. And the sin that had been created long ago in the beginning, by Eve, stalked before me. The South was a building mass of all flowering things. Once as we passed through one of these quaint old gardens, the bishop stopped and tucked one flaming quince blossom into my jacket. He came close again and, bending down, touched my forehead with his lips. The garden brought the fragrance of things of love, those bewitching, intoxicating things, those glad treasured secrets that define happiness. I was lifting the lids of romance."

"Come, let us go into the woods," he said. Side by side we walked, each deep in his own thought. Neither looked at the other nor offered to make conversation. Here was that exquisite alchemy of understanding. And then, like a bolt from the blue—

"Where will this end, Peggy, where will this end?" I asked, petulantly.

"Our friendship," he replied, a little impatiently, I thought.

"Why must it all end?" I felt provoked. "Why must everything be so difficult, Peggy? Three more weeks of a together every day and I was too frightened for him."

"He stopped and shrugged his shoulders. 'I am becoming too fond of you,' he said."

"How could you be too fond of me?" I asked, but before there was time for an answer I took his hand and started running down the hill as we had done so often before.

"The bishop looked at me. He seemed to shiver. Before I knew what he was doing he was crushing me to the earth, crushing me against those faded, deadening leaves with his knees. I felt his hot breath on my face; his kisses were choking me."

"I want you, I want you, I want you," he repeated, in the intensity of the moment. I fought, I pleaded, I begged, I

"Oh God, if you care, I prayed, please, please, remember me now."

"When every ounce of strength had been spent, when things began to grow black in front of me, it was then that the bishop suddenly seemed to remember and released me. He stood up quickly, his hands thrust deep in his pockets and he moved back and fro in an aimless circle. The muscles of his throat stood out like white cords, there was a strange expression in his eyes. His body seemed wrecked by havoc. Emotion had left him shaken, unmoved."

"What have I done? What have I done? God forgive me," he asked. He looked up into the heavens, but God was not there, I am afraid. He turned to me, now."

"I am sorry dear. Do you think I am a terrible beast? And you trusted me, didn't you, Peggy?"

And then came many other affairs in the "love life" of this debutante in the midst of which she became engaged to David Clifton, the international lawyer.

In his manner, so she explained, seemed to ring a challenge, for he himself was no amateur at the game of hearts.

"Make me love you if you can," his manner seemed to say.

"I did," she said.

Then she goes on to explain how very much she loved him, and how she loved her and the man she was to marry. Again there was the fierce encounter, when love and spirit struggled, and again the debutante saved herself just on the edge of grave peril.

"The memory of our first evening together comes to me. A wisp of blue chiffon, a bit of silver lace, made up my dancing frock and I hoped David would think me as beautiful as the vivid reflection that came to me from the mirror. He did. As he gazed at me, the words were on his lips. You are beautiful, beautiful, beautiful," he said, and I was all eagerness and happiness to hear it, as though I had never heard it before.

"I looked at the window that opened on the moon in the motor but a moment when I found myself in his arms."

"Come, let us go into the woods," he said. Side by side we walked, each deep in his own thought. Neither looked at the other nor offered to make conversation. Here was that exquisite alchemy of understanding. And then, like a bolt from the blue—

"Where will this end, Peggy, where will this end?" I asked, petulantly.

"Our friendship," he replied, a little impatiently, I thought.

"Why must it all end?" I felt provoked. "Why must everything be so difficult, Peggy? Three more weeks of a together every day and I was too frightened for him."

"He stopped and shrugged his shoulders. 'I am becoming too fond of you,' he said."

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THE DEBUTANTE'S MOST DISTRESSING EXPERIENCE.

If She Could Be Safe from Harm With Any One, She Thought It Was with the Good Bishop. But, No! Suddenly to Her Amusement, She Felt His Kisses Upon Her Lips and Once Again She Was Forced to Fight to Free Herself from His Embraces.

And Now, Every One Down in Virginia Who Has Read Miss Malcokey's Book, Is Wondering Just Who That Bishop Was—Because Miss Malcokey, the Debutante, Says He Was a Very Real Bishop, and She Is Not Doing Any Romancing About Him.

"I said very quietly, too hurt and discomposed to discuss it further. At this moment our tete-a-tete was interrupted, and I was graciously spared any further explanation. It was accidental that others joined us, or I cannot think what might have been."

So things started with the debutante and David, in an unconventional manner which would have led to no happiness, according to the teachings of the mothers of the old school. However, the young lady had not finished a short visit in Washington to start a career in the South before she and David were formally engaged. So she departed with her very modern lover telling her to "be herself" with other men while on her travels. This meant to be "attractive" and still to form new friendships. David was none of your old-fashioned, jealous lovers.

In the meantime the "love bark" of the debutante was drawing near its harbor, but the struggle with men continued. For a few days before her marriage Craig, the best lover, returned. He was now freed of his hateful first marriage and he came, determined to have his way by law or else by force. Peggy Swan, the daring, challenging, and still the last day of all, was to be his bride. The last struggle took place. Of this Peggy writes to her betrothed, not before her wedding.

"David dear, I couldn't write you yesterday—I couldn't. A terrible thing might have happened, but someone, from somewhere, salvation came. Craig returned, dear. It was twilight when he came, just when the world belongs to just you and me—the hour when I go to the garden to think and dream and remember you. So much happened, David, I won't go into the terrible ghastly details till I see you again."

"I didn't know what to do, David, and then I remembered God and I remembered you. I saw my happiness being dragged into the dirt—the orange blossoms and the white veil and the symphony of my wedding gown. The symphony of the excitement of our love and they were being put to rest. I was everything that I treasured more than life."

"I was, David, I was, my dear, and when my heart was so slowly being worn away, when resistance was impossible, God, the Lord, Love, something brought me a thought."

"Kiss me, Craig, I whispered, and I think, dear, that moment when I believed in believing I had been beaten into submission. As his grip relaxed I whispered for letting nature get to the pass where she had to fight so wildly; whether David would have his Peggy had nothing to do with it. Just as I was about to encourage Craig to such approaches, or whether he considered her a heroine and married her all the same, the story does not tell. For it ends with this letter. But Miss Malcokey, the author, explains."

"My heroine was a good girl at heart, whatever experiences she may have brought on herself by her mother's weakness and daring. Such a woman as Peggy Swan!"—this Miss Malcokey adds with infinite characterization and so faithful to the man she loved through torture. And David knew it."

But would she?

"Even love doesn't justify all things,"

"Even love doesn't justify all things,"

"Even love doesn't justify all things,"

"Even love doesn't justify all things,"

The Giant Galapagos Turtles Wiped Out at Last

*Had Blood No Disease Germ Could Live In,
Swallowed His Air, Lived a Thousand Years and
Might Have Taught Us to
Live as Long---But Couldn't
Stand Up Against Pirates'
Dogs and Traders' Greed*



It Takes Five Men to Lift "Buster," the 400-Year-Old Turtle at the Bronx Zoo.

JUST the other day a cable from the island of Santa, in the South Pacific, announced the discovery on one of the Diego Islands of a giant Galapagos turtle. What made the discovery important enough to connect over the cables was that upon the turtle's back was engraved the name of that remarkable explorer, Captain Cook—not to be confused with the Dr. Cook of North Pole fame—and the year 1775.

The great turtle must have been old when Captain Cook found it 150 years ago, for the dispatches said he was blind and the north crooked as he walked.

The interest aroused by the discovery was, however, revealed another fact of very real importance to mankind and mankind. And that is that these enormous reptilian creatures, which have remained unchanged in shape for perhaps eight million years and live to be at least 1,000 years old, have been wiped out with the exception of a couple of dozen specimens scattered here and there throughout the world.

And this, too, as science in the light of its new knowledge of the glands and their remarkable effects upon health and longevity, would have been a long-lived creature to experiment with to see if, through these experiments, the length of days of mankind might not be doubled.

Once the giant Galapagos turtle—or elephant tortoise, as it is scientifically called—was found on all the islands of the world. Sharp changes of climate, such as the glacial ages and the destruction of its food supply killed it off throughout the world. Finally, it found its last refuge upon certain islands in the South Pacific, and mainly upon the little group called the Galapagos, which are about 550 miles west of the coast of Ecuador.

The giant tortoise cannot swim. How, then, did he get upon these islands?

The answer is that thousands upon thousands of years ago the Galapagos Islands and other islands upon which the giant turtle has been found, formed part of the mainland of what is now South America. The Galapagos group is actually little more than the tops of enormous mountains which, through shifts in the earth's crust and volcanic convulsions, became sunken. At the same time that these convulsions took place, the land between them and the west coast of South America also sank beneath the sea, and the turtles were marooned upon the islands where for thousands upon thousands of years they lived and bred in peace.

Then came the first ships of the white men. They landed on the banks for water, discovered the turtles and found them good eating. More and more ships came, and more and more turtles were killed. But still their numbers were not at all seriously depleted, since the female is very prolific.

Then, at last, according to what the scientific expedition which went down to the Galapagos Islands to secure its specimens had to find out, pirates used the islands as a base back in the early nineteenth century. Upon some of these pirate ships were dogs, and these animals getting tame, found refuge in the thickets and jungle and in time bred a race of wild dogs. Traders came with other dogs.

So there is no more to tell for dogs on the Galapagos Islands—except tortoise. The adult turtle was too much for the wild dogs, but the puppies in his arms and in his soft intestine were not. The attacker a hard and long battle on the dog's teeth could give the dog the turtle's attention. The dog, however, was comparatively weak, and the turtle, being very old, was striking at the very height of its powers.

Finally, the turtle was struck at the very height of its powers. The dog's teeth, however, were able to reach maturity and the old ones were killed off more and more by the sailors who stopped there for turtle meat.

Then, at last, though this menace to the existence of the young turtles were not enough, the old turtles were killed off by being boiled down to fat. The old turtles, was found to be a

valuable commodity and an extensive commerce was carried on. So to the list of the proscribed which already included the young and the middle aged, was added the old oil bearing grandfather.

When this became known, scientific expeditions were equipped to capture the surviving numbers of the species, and to put them away in museums before the tortoises were slaughtered to extinction. One expedition sent out by Sir Walter Rothschild a few years ago came home with a hold full of the tortoises and with the announcement that all the Galapagos Islands had been scoured for them and that few, if any, survived.

As it later turned out, however, some few in the very interior of the island had escaped capture and scientists hoped that from this small herd other tortoises would be developed in time.

But now this hope has been blasted. Dr. William Beebe, of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, returned from the islands after a thorough search with one other inadequate specimen.

Attention was then turned to the islands in the Indian Ocean, but scientific expeditions there had failed to find a single large-sized tortoise living at the present time.

So, between the wanton destructiveness of man and the wild dogs of the pirates, science must go without the lessons that it had hoped to learn for the benefit of humanity from this ancient, unchangeable, lumbering, long-lived relic of the days of the dinosaurs eight million years ago.

Now let us consider what it is about the giant Galapagos turtle that has made science—but too late—so eager to study it.

Science wanted to find the secret of its life. And why wounds which would have been mortal to any other creature troubled it not at all and healed rapidly.

And most important, what it was in its blood and in the secretions in its glands which enabled it to resist all malignant disease germs. This lack, if science could have found it out, would have been even a greater boon to humanity than increased days.

Of course, there were other things that contributed to the Galapagos turtle's long life. It ate its food and drank its water from the outside of its body and this served as a perfect protection for the soft internal parts.

Neither did he have to use up anything in the process of breathing. He drew his lungs out of his body and his lungs did not have to lift his ribs every

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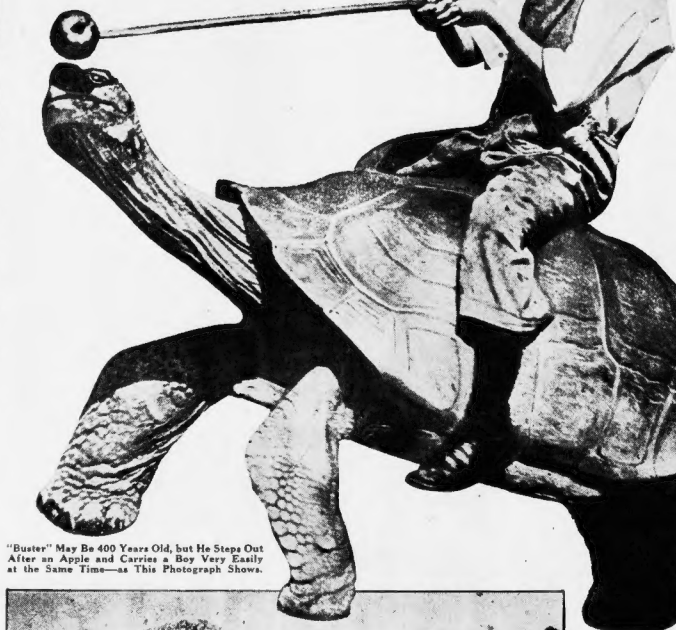
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"Buster" May Be 400 Years Old, but He Steps Out After an Apple and Carries a Boy Very Easily at the Same Time—as This Photograph Shows.



Turtle Hunters on the Galapagos Islands Carrying Off a Load of Turtle Meat and the Shell on Burro Back.



The Head of the Giant Galapagos Turtle, Showing Its Peculiar Reptilian Character.

(And Above) One of the Giant Turtles on the Galapagos Islands Years Ago When They Were Numerous. Beside Him is a Huge Cactus Upon Which He Fed, and Behind Him Are Turtle Hunters Ready to Turn Him Into Oil.

Dr. Frederick A. Lucas, of the American Museum of Natural History, has written an interestingly about the famous tortoise of St. Helena.

"How old he was," writes Dr. Lucas, "when brought to St. Helena, we know not, but venerable as it seems to us with our allotted span of three score years and ten, its age is exceeded by that of another tortoise living in the Island of Mauritius, where it was brought from the neighboring island of Seychelles, many years before, being then of an unusual size. In Mauritius this tortoise became a national possession and in 1819 was specifically mentioned in the treaty by which the French ceded Mauritius to England."

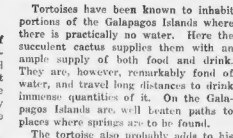
These great tortoises get their name of elephant tortoise not only from their size but from the shape of their feet. As well as be seen by the pictures on this page, these huge feet are almost exactly like the pads of the elephant. Their shape prevents the turtle from swimming—but even if they did not, the weight of the enormous, or shell, is such that the creature will sink at once in water. The full-grown turtle weighs from 700 to 1,000 pounds, and of this weight fully one-half is that of its shell. They are so strong they can carry three full-grown people around on their backs without any trouble.

They are gentle, and close in captivity seem to enjoy being ridden by children, especially if, as shown in the large picture on this page, their riders carry food for them.

On the island of St. Helena there exists a turtle which is the only creature ever known to have lived on the island of Mauritius, near Madagascar. It is known to be more than 200 years old.

But the granddaddy of them all lives in America. He was a baby of a little more than 100 years when the Pilgrims first set foot on Plymouth Rock. He was a youth of 200 when the Declaration of Independence was signed, and he was still alive when America was split with the Civil War and now, after the World War, he is still calm and peaceful and happy, showing no signs of age whatever up to the present.

"Buster" Listening to the Radio. The Giant Turtle Loves Music.



"Buster" Listening to the Radio. The Giant Turtle Loves Music.

Tortoises have been known to inhabit portions of the Galapagos Islands where there is practically no water. Here the succulent cactus supplies them with an ample supply of both food and drink. They are, however, remarkably fond of water, and travel long distances to drink immense quantities of it. On the Galapagos Islands are well beaten paths to places where springs are to be found.

The tortoise also probably aids in his years by giving little content to what goes on around him in the world. Although full grown tortoises are known to like music, some of them are deaf and will take not the slightest notice even of a gun when fired close to their heads. Likewise they are totally insensitive to the clatter of stones or of heavy blows struck on the powerful horny plates of their backs. In the daytime they are remarkably timid, withdrawing their heads at the slightest movement of any nearby object. As distinguished from the female, the male tortoise has a greater length of tail and occasionally gives vent to a raucous roar, especially at the end of bloodless combats which frequently occur when they fight for places at the drinking springs.

Their eyes somewhat resemble billiard balls, both in shape and in size, being perfectly round, white, about two inches in diameter. When cooked they are dry and tasteless. Usually they are laid and buried in sandy soil, where they hatch out after some months under the heat of the sun.

How many more wars and human convulsions will occur before "Buster" goes the way of all good turtles none can tell.

Latest Tragic Mystery of "Haunted" Glamis Castle

Strange Suicide of Young Angus Bowes-Lyon, Cousin of the King of England's Newest Daughter-in-Law, Adds to the Long List of Broken Hearts and Wrecked Lives That Is the Sinister Record of the Ancient Scotch Stronghold



"Young Angus Bowes-Lyon took the shotgun, held it to his temple, and with his thumb thrust back the trigger—and so another tragedy was added to 'haunted' Glamis Castle's too long list."

LONDON, Aug. 8. — THE tragic and mysterious death of young Angus Patrick Bowes-Lyon, cousin of the Duchess of York, excited renewed interest in the so-called "Curse of Glamis Castle."

Young Bowes-Lyon was the son of the Hon. Patrick Bowes-Lyon, brother of the Earl of Strathmore, whose daughter, the Lady Mary Bowes-Lyon, recently married the King's second son, the Duke of York.

The dead man was the only son of his father, his brother having been killed in the war. He was not a few lives removed from the succession to the ancient dukedom of Strathmore and the possession of mysterious Glamis Castle. It is this connection with the famous peerage and its castle which makes his death of such unusual and gripping interest.

Whatever may be the nature of the mystery that hangs over Glamis Castle, it is no doubt that an unusual number of tragedies have befallen its possessors. Superstitions are convinced that a curse was long ago placed upon the lords of Glamis and continues to take its toll of the generation after generation, through atrocious psychic agencies. It is as though a skeleton inhabited the grim castle and stretched forth its grisly hand at intervals, touching at random those who are connected with it by birth.

The great picturesque stone castle, which terror to many beholders by its dim, gray, forbidding, overpowering aspect, it was one of the castles of the great, ill-fated Macbeths, and it is especially associated with the scenes of Shakespeare's great tragedy. It is enough to fill it with terrifying associations. Many of the lower chambers of the castle, while the tower of the building is of later date, the most persistent legend concerning Glamis Castle relates to a certain window high up in the castle wall, which evidently was light to find within the castle the door which gave admission to this room, through several lavatories and the attempt. According to legend, this window gives light to the secret chamber which conceals a monster of the Strathmore family. It is said that in every century a son of the monster, monstrous form is born in the castle as a punishment for the sins of a very ancient ancestor of past centuries, his monster is kept concealed in the secret chamber as long as he lives. His existence and the way to reach him are known only to the Earl for the time being and his heir when of age. This legendary monster seems only part of the evil fate that has pursued the ancient family.

Young Patrick Bowes-Lyon, the latest person to suffer from the evil fate of the castle, was found dead in his motor car in a lonely country road, known as Poulton, near Witley, in the English county of Surrey. A policeman from the town of Woking found the dead man sitting in the driver's seat of his car. There was a shotgun at his feet, and his head had been almost completely blown away.

Angus Bowes-Lyon, Nephew of the Earl of Strathmore and Cousin of the Duchess of York, Whose Mysterious Death Is Attributed to the "Curse of Glamis."

On his clothing was found a long letter dated only the day before and signed "Freddie." It informed him that their engagement was at an end.

The letter was from Miss Freda Parsons, daughter of the late General Sir Charles Parsons and Lady Parsons. She is a very pretty and extremely modern young woman, prominent in the most original entertainments and cults of fashionable society.

It soon became evident that Miss Parsons's breaking of the engagement had a great deal to do with young Bowes-Lyon's death, but this by no means cleared away the mystery of the occurrence. It is not normal for a strong, healthy young man, successful in business, active in sports and popular in society, to destroy his life because a girl had jilted him. Therefore it appeared to many that the strange ill-fortune of the dead man's ancestral castle must have been concerned.

The action of the young woman in jilting him was perhaps the strangest feature of the case. In her letter she gave no adequate or reasonable explanation of her action and has refused to furnish any since. That a young woman who had been semi-officially engaged to a man for a year and formally engaged for three weeks should have suddenly thrown him over was undoubtedly extraordinary. This strengthens the belief of the superstitious that some mysterious malign psychic influence impelled the girl alone.

At the inquest the first witness was the Hon. Patrick Bowes-Lyon, father of the dead youth. He was nearly overcome with grief. Miss Freda Parsons, dressed in deep black, was present during part of the proceedings, and the father trembled with emotion as his eye fell upon her.

"My boy was twenty-three years old," said Mr. Bowes-Lyon. "He was my only son. I lost the other during the war."

He also spoke to him on Monday evening and said to him, "Why don't you dine with father. He is dining all alone." He replied to his mother, "I cannot tonight."

The coroner—What have you to suggest as an explanation of your son's state of mind?

Mr. Bowes-Lyon—He was in love with Miss Freda Parsons and had been going about with her for nearly a year.

The coroner—Was he greatly in love with the girl?

The witness—Yes, it became the whole of his life. They had been going about together like semi-officially engaged persons for a year. Two or three weeks ago they became actually engaged. Miss Parsons accepted from my son an engagement ring and Lady Parsons consented to the marriage.

My son's heart was broken, and that was all. That was the only thing. Last Friday Lady Parsons sent for my son and told him the engagement was to be broken off. He then went to Miss Freda Parsons, and the answer lies in the letter in your hands. Therefore it appeared to many that the strange ill-fortune of the dead man's ancestral castle must have been concerned.

On Monday night he made a final effort to persuade Miss Parsons to see him. Her married sister said to him, "That was no good, and I suppose the boy's heart was broken and he was in despair. That was the end."

Ralph Leslie Tritton, a young man belonging to a family well known in English society, testified that he was one of the dead man's most intimate friends and gave some interesting details about the few days before his death.

Mr. Tritton said that young Bowes-Lyon had told him about his despair over the breaking of the engagement to Miss Parsons, and had acquainted the witness with the letter she wrote him.

"Mr. Bowes-Lyon came to my rooms on Saturday night," explained Mr. Tritton. "We played tennis all day Sunday and he seemed in a much better mood. He mentioned me down in his car to my country home on the Sunday morning."

Ancient Hall in Glamis Castle Where King Duncan Is Said to Have Slept Before His Murder by Macbeth.

misery any longer. I am going down to the country to kill myself.

He felt that the situation was a very grave one and that he probably meant what he said. I was then at the Guards' Club, on Pall Mall. I ordered a taxi cab while I kept talking to him on the phone, so as to detain him as long as possible. As soon as the taxi was ready I jumped in and started in search of Mr. Bowes-Lyon.

I did not then know where he was. I made one call at a place where I didn't find him, but I learned there that he was at the Hyde Park Hotel. I hurried on after him and arrived there just twenty seconds after he had left in his motor car.

After having answered all the questions asked Mr. Tritton felt that he ought to counter an observation of his own among the tragedy.

Having seen both sides of the case for two months," he said, "and having been referred to Miss Parsons, my opinion is the opinion of my friends is that Miss Parsons is not to blame in any way."

At this point the Hon. Patrick Bowes-Lyon, the father of the dead man, rose from his seat with excited and dramatic gesture, and pointing his finger at the witness, cried out:

"That is most distasteful thing to say—that Miss Parsons is not to blame and that my son was. That is a most cowardly thing."

In spite of protests from representatives of Miss Freda Parsons, portions of her letter to the dead youth were read. It was a letter of eight pages and dealt with many phases of their friendship and experiences together. The young girl explained that she had drifted into the engagement because they were good friends, but having thought the matter over when she was away from him she had eventually decided that she ought not to marry him.

"After thinking over everything by myself," she said, "I have come to the conclusion that I do not really feel about you in the right way. After all that has happened I do not love you."

"Mother does not think I ought to marry if I am not in love with you. She does not think I could make you happy. I am not sure she is not right."

The father said that he had no desire



Miss Freda Parsons, the Pretty English Society Girl, Whose Letter Breaking Her Engagement with Young Bowes-Lyon Was Connected with His Suicide.

7. John Lyon, sixth Lord Glamis, married Joan Douglas and was killed in 1512. Her brother, Archibald Douglas, was grandfather of the unhappy Mary Queen of Scots, and of her cousin, Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, whom she married.

8. The eighth Lord Glamis was appointed Lord Chancellor of Scotland in 1572, and three years later was killed in a raid by the followers of the Earl of Crawford.

9. Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, kinman of the Lyons, was assassinated with the connivance of his wife and cousin, Mary Queen of Scots, in 1567.

10. Mary Queen of Scots was beheaded in 1587.

11. The seventh Lord Glamis, his cousin, named John Lyon, Joan Douglas and Archibald Campbell were convicted of sorcery, designed to destroy the life of King James IV. Three of them were burned, but Lord Glamis, as a minor, was spared and kept in prison many years.

12. The descendants of Lord Glamis received the title of Earl of Strathmore. The oldest son of the fourth Earl of Strathmore was killed at the battle of Sheriffmuir, in 1715. The second son, Charles, was murdered.

13. The ninth Earl of Strathmore added the name of the English family Bowes to his Scotch name Lyon. The younger brother of the ninth Earl, Philip Lyon, was murdered with a number of other Englishmen, at Cosinabass, by the Nabob of Bengal in 1769.

14. John Bowes-Lyon, twelfth Earl of Strathmore, died suddenly on his wedding night, in 1870.

15. Angus Bowes-Lyon, grandson of the preceding Earl, killed himself in 1928.

1. King Malcolm II. of Scotland, assassinated at Glamis in 1054.

2. King Duncan of Scotland, who appears in Shakespeare's "Macbeth," was murdered by his cousin, Macbeth, Thane of Glamis.

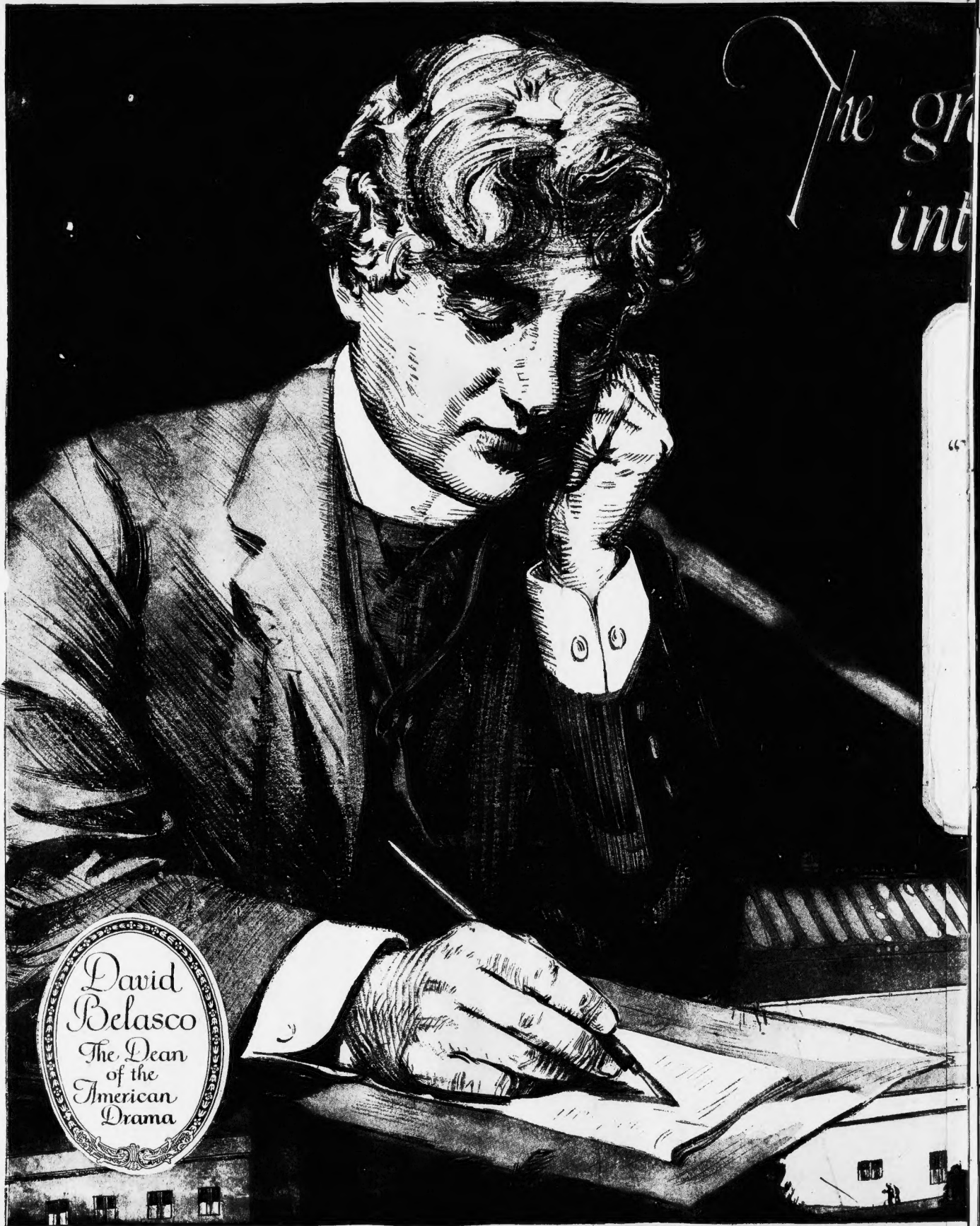
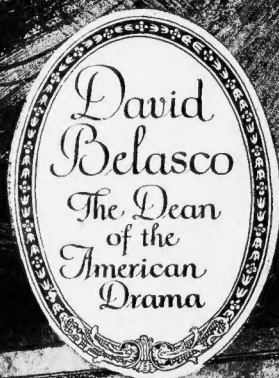
3. Macbeth killed by Macduff, Thane of Glamis.

4. Malcolm Canmore, King of Scotland, descendant of Duncan, killed in 1093.

5. Sir John Lyon, Thane of Glamis, married Princess Joan Stuart, daughter of King Robert II. The first of several alliances between the Lyons and the Stuarts family. Sir John Lyon was killed in a duel soon after his marriage by Sir James Lindsay, of Crawford.

6. Sir Patrick Lyon, of Glamis, grandson of John Lyon, kept in prison by the English more than half his life as a hostage for King James I. of Scotland.

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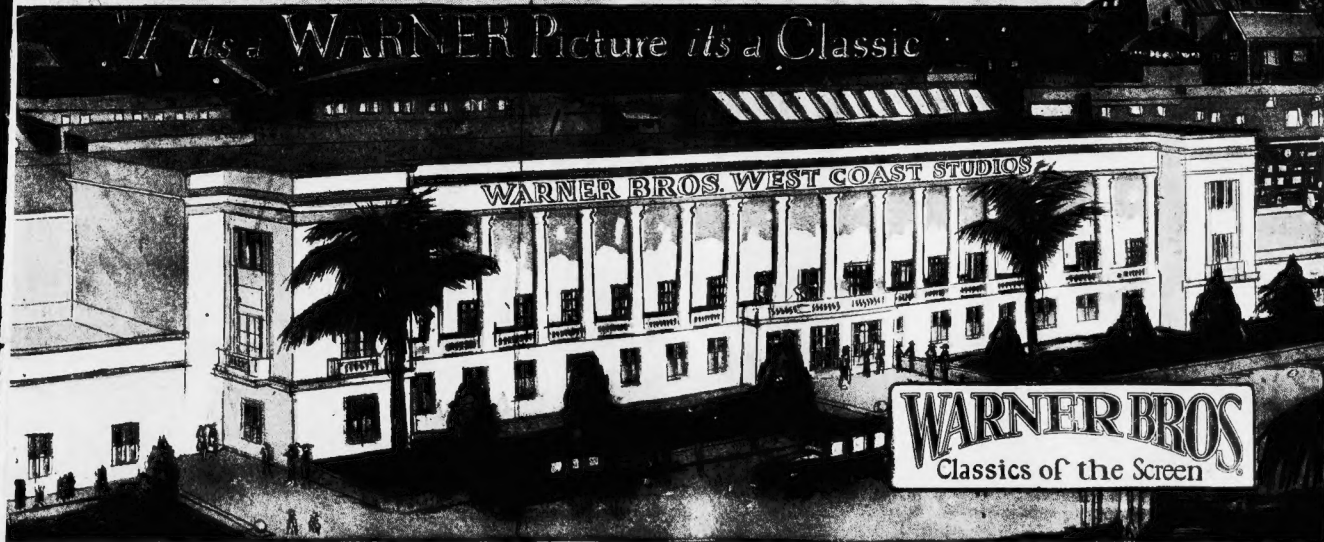
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The New Lantern Gowns

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Soft Oriental
Glow, Blending
Brilliant Colors
Into Harmonious
Effects



The "Lantern Glow," an Afternoon Gown Made Up in Flame Colored Taffeta Trimmed With Copper, Gold and Silver Cloth.

LANTERNS! How they bring back pleasant memories of dances on the lawn, levees, house parties and amateur theatricals, where we daintily sat in the audience, waiting for our friends and relatives across the footlights to remember their eyes and forgotten lines.

It is a happy thought to model a dress from the inspiration a lantern gives, and, especially, the brilliant Chinese lanterns that blend almost impossible colors into harmonious beauty. Parisiennes have gone to almost every period imaginable in history for an idea or symbol for their clothes, and now they have come to using objects, trees, birds and almost furniture.

The dress and cape displayed in the large photograph at the top of this page is a double two-piece bath exposure in Chinese colors of buttercup yellow, brilliant pale green and soft watermelon pink. They resemble more than anything a glowing Chinese lantern with its bath design, realized in sources, its vertical pleats like the bamboo stick that form its foundation.

The cape is fastened in front with a red beamer ornament. The dress is also of small knife pleatings made on a yoke and held at the waist by a red leather belt in sections.

The collar, with the pleats running diagonally, forms a perfect top for the hair. The model wears to match red suede pumps with the ever-popular light tan stockings.

The lantern gives ideas, especially, name for the afternoon gown of flame-colored taffeta shown on the left. Its applied trimming is made in water-like design of metallic cloth in flames, gold and silver, ending in a tassel. The sole is made of the same silver, gold and copper metallic ribbon, with a touch of magenta here and there which blends with the narrow binding of magenta at the hem of the skirt.

The photograph below shows a gown of original design made up in ivory white satin. Its circular skirt is wide and full, buoyant at the sides with wheel points that spread on the wings of a sea shell. The wide collar of gold lace gives a youthful line to the neck, which is finished by a rolled band of the blue-white satin. A full vertical seam at the waist adds a note of softness to the figure. The entire skirt, made of a drape of gold lace, cups the correct length, and the grass-green and gold brocade slippers give the Parisian touch of color.

The photograph on the right shows a useful and effective two-piece costume in white pongee crepe. The cape and skirt are accordion pleated, with large box pleats alternating. Cross-stitching runs horizontally in Cocco-Shirazian design in amber and magenta. The narrow collar is piped in magenta and the waist of the dress is plain except for two large box pleats extending from the shoulder to the waist in back and in front. A row of embroidery is placed two inches above the belt and around the neck.

The hat is a large-brimmed mushroom of white silk, embroidered in magenta and amber raffia. Its brim is furnished with a rather thick roll of white with a line of amber embroidery.



An Original Design Made Up in Ivory White Satin Trimmed With Gold Lace

The Fall and Winter silhouette will be almost identical to that of the year before. The side, front and back drapes will be more or less discarded, and the straight and Chinese frock will take its popular place in the range. The bonnet will hold its own for the younger set, needless to say. The penchant for dawning and original sleeves, or no sleeves at all, is at high tide. They seem to be no compromise.

This new and lovely frock of heavy red gold satin was designed after Sargent's famous Carmine. Its full skirt was striped horizontally with glittering red gold lace—three rows of unequal width insertion and a wider width of sewing at the hem. Its tight bodice was made with a basque neckline—a panel of

encircles her throat and has finishing touch is a pair of black satin pumps on her trim and high-heeled feet.

Despite the type of evening dress worn the skirts show a decided drop from the length of the afternoon frock, and, no matter how high or low the neckline, its sleeve is most conspicuous by its absence.

Metallic brocade and plain satin slippers cut in styles of the Maynages, plain Colonial, with or without hare tongues of velvet or metallic cloth, will hold their own. The days have gone far behind when one or two pairs of black or white satin slippers would do for all evening wear. Now they must match every gown or give an added note of color.

Dress and Cape Made Up in Vivid Oriental Colors, the Design Having a Chinese Lantern Effect.



Pleated Cape and Skirt Gown With Hat Designed to Match.

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**SUPERFLUOUS
HAIR**
ZIP
IT'S OFF
because IT'S OUT

[illegible]

The house-hold that loved, for the meed of delectate gaves, were all done, and had no prospect but that of away the hours as best they could, deeming her bitter-sweet over her lace-making, as close to the church as she could shrines this could not be wandering fancy.

She thought that she would to the church run, then thought she would wait until grandmother returned from piazza, where she went for the food and good.

She might bring some tale Neris—she picked her cron brains for any mention of him she might take back to the string girl at home.

So Lisabeta hinged, gazing

(Continued on Page 14)

Figure 1



Not One From

Not Quite Clean

Delectable girls delect dishwashing hair birth-right of charm. Girls carefully appreciated the necessity of removing attractive girl will allow a single

Not, is the answer to the dream of every for a satin smooth hair free skin. It is perfectly harmless as it contains no color or undercoat, on the contrary, on the left, the shoulders, or to keep the hair in its own and healthy free under the hair.

Not is a cream ready for instant use with a finger mixing. It is a hair conditioner, a hair merely apply. Not lightly to the hair but rubbed surface as it comes from the conditioner tube. After a few minutes you will see the

Women eminent socially, "kissed" and so forth, rely upon this perfect deodorant. From Neet they gain absolute certainty of the present evening's success, the short-sleeved stockings, the low-cutting nightgown. Neet thus assures the womanly war to be won. It dispels the fear of the old, tried, uncertain methods for Neet

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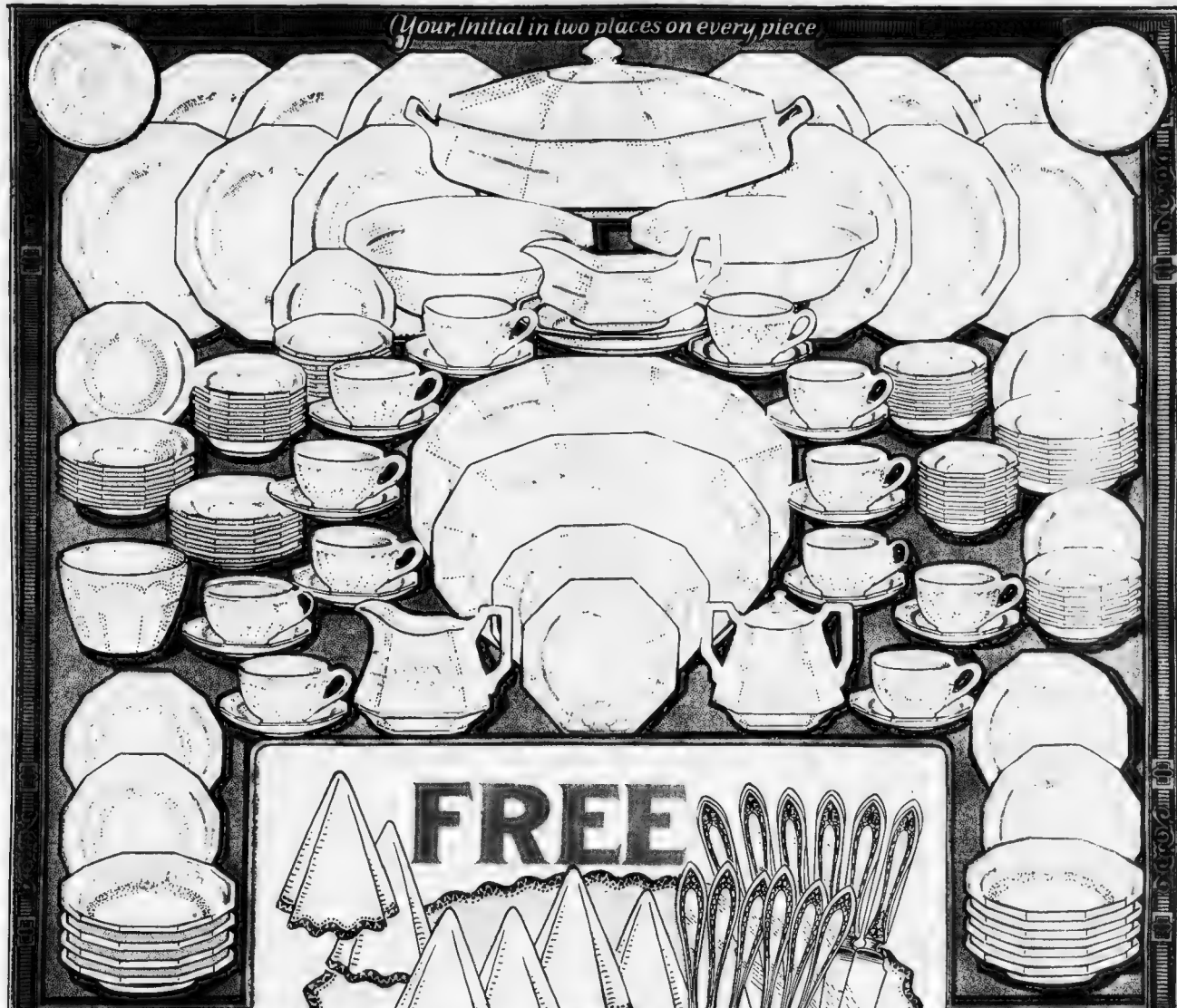
Oh, man, what a grand old time we've had! Itching all gone, but not stopping on more scratching, or more itching. Itching is gone already. THAT'S what Poslam did. There's nothing like it for itchy trouble.

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| 12 Soup Plates, 7 1/4 inches | 12 Individual Bread and Butter Plates, 6 1/4 inches |
| 12 Cereal Dishes, 6 inches | 1 Platter, 13 1/2 inches |
| 12 Fruit Dishes, 5 1/4 inches | |

- 1 Platter, 11 1/4 inches
- 1 Celery Dish, 8 1/4 inches
- 1 Sauce Boat Tray, 7 1/4 inches
- 1 Butter Plate, 6 inches
- 1 Vegetable Dish, 10 1/2 inches with lid (2 pieces)
- 1 Deep Bowl, 8 1/2 inches
- 1 Oval Baker, 9 inches
- 1 Small Deep Bowl, 5 inches
- 1 Gravy Boat, 7 1/4 inches
- 1 Creamer
- 1 Sugar Bowl with cover (2 pieces)

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The Golden Siren By Marjorie Bowen

(Continued from Page 12)

the match of pale light the window, and at her feet, slowly, the water rose. Lissetta knew the water that came from the sea, but she had never seen it so close. A wild, cold, and terrible thing, it seemed to her, and she felt that she was being drawn into its grasp. She tried to move, but her feet were numb, and she could not get up. The water was rising, and she was being pulled down. She felt a great fear, and she knew that she was in danger. She tried to call out, but her voice was hoarse, and she could not hear herself. She felt that she was being pulled down, and she knew that she was in danger. She tried to call out, but her voice was hoarse, and she could not hear herself. She felt that she was being pulled down, and she knew that she was in danger.

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Lissetta knew that she was in danger. She felt that she was being pulled down, and she knew that she was in danger. She tried to call out, but her voice was hoarse, and she could not hear herself. She felt that she was being pulled down, and she knew that she was in danger. She tried to call out, but her voice was hoarse, and she could not hear herself. She felt that she was being pulled down, and she knew that she was in danger.

He had been in the water for some time. He felt that he was being pulled down, and he knew that he was in danger. He tried to call out, but his voice was hoarse, and he could not hear himself. He felt that he was being pulled down, and he knew that he was in danger. He tried to call out, but his voice was hoarse, and he could not hear himself. He felt that he was being pulled down, and he knew that he was in danger.

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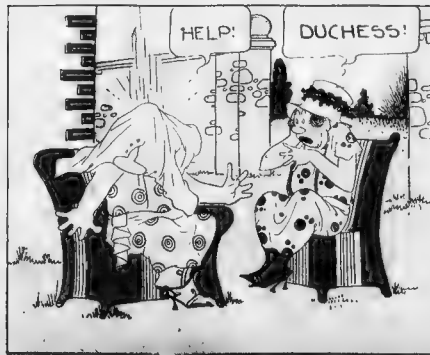


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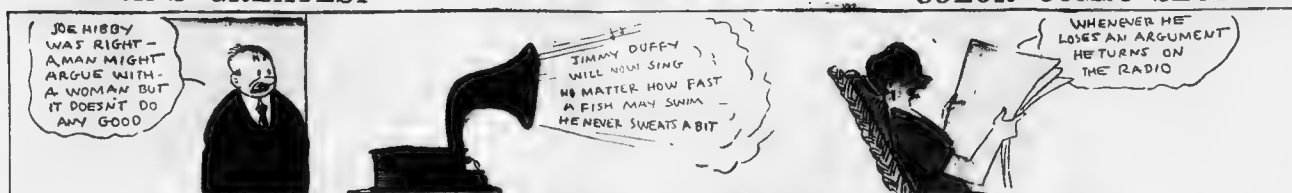
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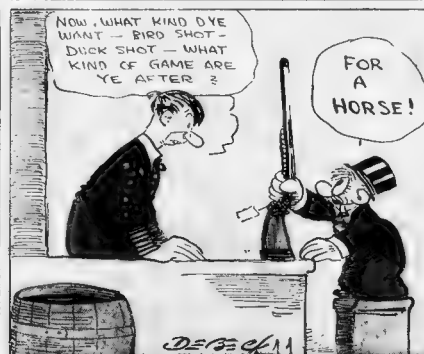
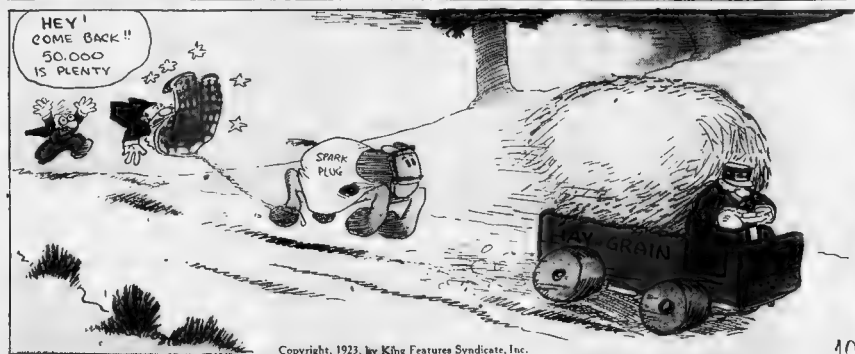
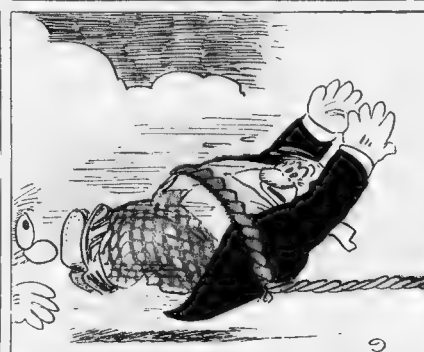
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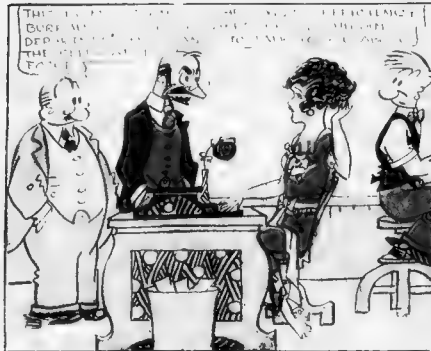
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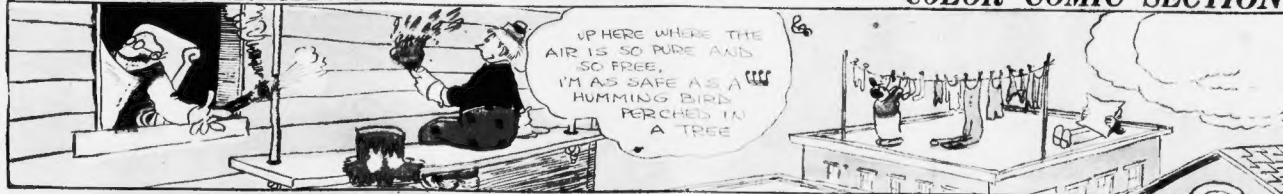
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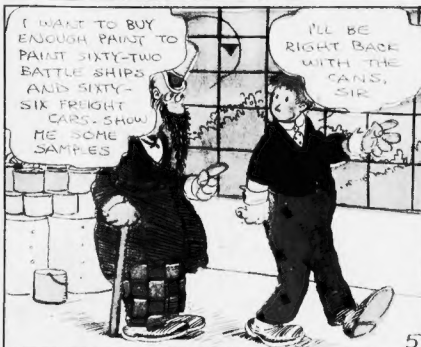
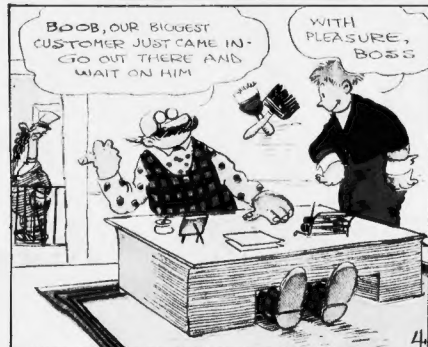


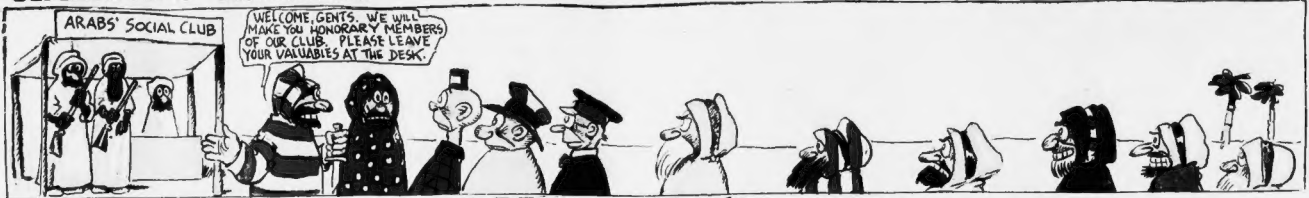
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